within my doores, Marry hang you, shee's borne to vndo vs, wil you not go the way of women-kinde? Marry come vp my dish of chastity, with rosemary and bayse. *Exit.*

Boult. Come mistris, come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou haue me?

Boult. To take from you the iewell you hold so deere.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wish him to be my Master, or rather my Mistris.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they do better thee in their command; thou holdst a place, for which the painedst fiend in hell would not in reputation change: thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cusherell that comes enquiring for his Tib; to the cholericke fisting of euery rogue, thy eare is liable, thy food is such as hath beene belcht on by infected lungs.

Bou. What would you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you, where a man may serue 7. yeares for the losse of a leg, and haue not mony enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou dost, empty olde receptacles, or common-shores of filth; serue by Indenture to the common hangman, any of these waies are yet better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboone could hee speake, would owne a name too deare: Oh, that the Gods would safely deliuer me from this place: heere, heere's gold for thee, if that thy Master would gaine by me, proclaime that I can sing, weaue, sowe, and dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep from boast, and will vndertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous Cittie will yeeld many schollers.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speake of?

Mar. Proue that I cannot, take me home againe, and prostitute me to the basest groome that doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult.

Boult. Faith my acquaintan
since my master and mistris hath
but by their consent: therefor
with your purpose, and I doubt
table enough. Come, Ile doe f
waies.

Enter G

Marina thus the Brothell scapes
Into an honest house, our story s
She sings like one immortall, an
As Goddesse-like to her admire
Deepe Clearks she dumbs, and w
Natures owne shape, of bud, bir
That euen her art, sisters the natu
Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, with th
That puples lackes she none of
Who poure their bounty on her,
She giues the curst Baud. Leaue
And to her Father turne our thou
Where we left him at sea, tumble
And driuen before the winde, he
Here where his daughter dwels,
Suppose him now at Anchor: th
God *Neptune* annuall feast to kee
Lysimachus our *Tyrian* ship espie
His banners sable, trimd with ric
And to him in his Barge with fer
In your supposing, once more pu
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his
Where what is done in action (m
Shall be discouered, please you si

Enter Hellicanus, to him

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lord *He*
O here he is sir, there is a Barge p
is *Lysimachus* the Gouernor, who
is your will?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND